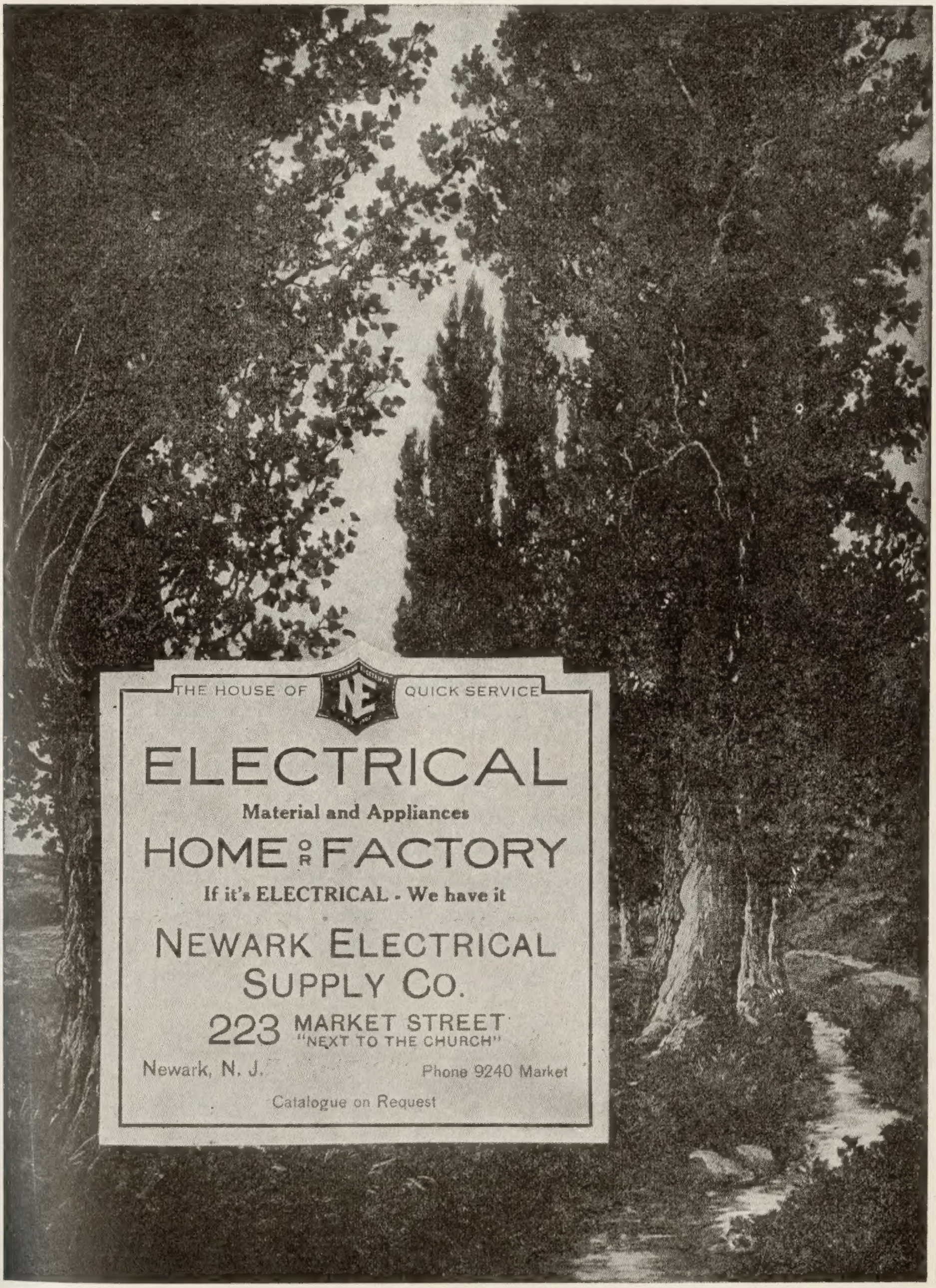
THE ACROPOLIS

ROOSEVELT • AMERICAN

MARCH 1921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In Memoriam

On the twenty-second of January, Doris Lindsay, after a short illness, passed to that bourne whence none returns. A member of the class of January, 1921, Doris had completed the course of study, and was looking forward to graduation on the twenty-fourth of the month. But two days before that date she entered the larger life. Her winsome personality surrounded her with a host of friends, who mourn her death, and extend to her bereaved parents their deepest sympathy. But the friends of Doris find consolation, as they believe her parents do, in the profound truth expressed by the poet:

"Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees,
Who had not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own."

THE ACROPOLIS

A Paper By the Students of Barringer High School
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

March, Nineteen Hundred Twenty One

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THE ACROPOLIS

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NEWARK, N. J., MARCH, 1921

ROOSEVELT-AMERICAN.

The editors of THE ACROPOLIS realize that after all the great speeches that have been delivered in honor of Theodore Roosevelt and after all the great pieces of literature written in his memory, it is far beyond their power to write an editorial that would do justice to the great *American*. Yet, they feel that, after the stirring exercises of last month, they ought to have at least one ACROPOLIS dedicated to him. As a result, this issue of THE ACROPOLIS is dedicated to *"Theodore Roosevelt—American."*

BARRINGER-AMERICAN.

In this issue of THE ACROPOLIS, it is very fitting that we should review the part which Barringer played in the war. We obtained the following figures from Mr. Stearns:

Eighty-five graduates, 69 undergraduates, and 48 former students served with the colors.

The various Liberty Bond issues met with surprisingly gratifying responses. Bonds to the value of about $65,000 were purchased through the school. Of this amount, the sum of $15,000 was credited to the school, although the actual cash transactions were through the banks. Also, considerably more than $48,000 passed through Mr. Stearns's hands on the installment plan. The approximate amounts of Barringer's share in each loan are:

First Loan—$9,500.
Second Loan—$14,800.
Third Loan—$7,000.
Fourth Loan—$12,000.
Fifth Loan—Victory—$6,300.

The girls of the school, resolving not to be outdone by the boys, and not being able to offer their lives to their country, sacrificed much time and effort to help make the soldiers' burdens lighter. Miss Rowden, who had charge of all the knitting, turned in reports that show over a thousand articles completed by our Studes! Isn't that splendid! But the good work did not stop there. Many members were enrolled in the Red Cross. A huge sum was collected and turned over to the Red Cross authorities. Mr. King says we did not stop buying W. S. S. and thrift stamps until our goal was reached

NOTICE.

A local department store has made use of our school name for advertising purposes. They have sold these articles to mothers, giving the impression that we recommended such goods. The use of "Barringer" in specifying these articles is absolutely unwarranted, and no such recommendation has ever been given.

Augusta Louise Patrick.

DEBATING.

The boys who lost the debates give only one excuse—the same excuse that Mr. Stearns gives when we lose on Thanksgiving, "They had a better team."

The Rostrum did all it could, under very unfavorable circumstances, to win the debates, but the main body of students simply refused to try to uphold the reputation of our school. You students left the whole job to a few fellows who did all they could, but without your support they lost. The Rostrum is going to have some more debates this year. Now show your spirit and go out for debating. Help to shape up a team for next year.

HONOR ROLL FOR FEBRUARY

4B Room 45. Rosalie Lewitt, Albert Rosenberg.
Room 51. Mary Margaret Barr, Stuart Blodgett, Constance Carpenter, William Koester, Margaret Kohn, Irma Lutz, Milton Mankowitz.
Room 55. Anne Dillingham, Helen Finn, Bertha Gordinier, Marian Knight.
Room 65. Mary Crowe, Arthur Hyman, Blanche Nixon.

3A Room 31. Benjamin Resnick, Theodore Rissell.
Room 63. Solomon Elsky, Gordon Hart, Robert Metcalfe, Herbert Rohn.
Room 91. Imre Domonkos, Robert Wolfe, Melita Ahl.

3B Room 25. Lawrence Burgyes, Ben Cohn, Joseph Flanagan, Roland Heyer, Fairlie McNear, Thelma Ruffkess, Alfred Schiaretti, Henry Venus.
Room 37. Harold Jayson.
Room 59. Helen Mawha.
Room 67. Simon Harris, Matthias Neiss.

2A Room 41. John Ely, Selma Fischman, Ellen Pfaff, Helene Rosenstreter, Edna Van Duyne.
Room 43. Benjamin Schill, Stanley E. Smith.
Room 87. Evelyn Battin, Richard Graf.
Room 60. Philip Freda, Lester Goldman, Harry Jefferies.
Room 76. Sara Weckstein.

2B Room 38. Gertrude Day.
Room 50. Franklin Gilbert, Alice Smith.
Room 61. John Single, Eleanor Wilsey.
Room 69. Elizabeth Call, Dorothy Vernet.
Room 56. Marie Welsh, Frederick Wolpert.

1A Room 92. Isabel Schneider.
Room 81. Louis Kessler, Jennie Weiss.
Room 35. Mabel Walters, Dorothy Powell.

1B Room 3. Helen Breitsprecher.
Room 39. Rowland Reeve.
Room 66. Irma Billig, Margaret Blake, Estelle Koflin, Esther Neiss.
Room 82. Warren Condit, J. Wheeler Coult, Gilbert Crogan, George Dougherty, Sam Owen, Florence Owen.
Room 83. Arthur Magill, Florence Seligman, Esther Slade, Harry Stein, Elizabeth Taylor.
Room 86. Alita Kinney.
Room 93. Walter Walsh.
Room 95. Clara Rosenstein.

HONOR ROLL FOR FEBRUARY.

4A Room 45. Alice Johnson, Madeline McMullin, Blanche Nixon, Bessie Tielsch, Mary Crowe, Mildred Morgan.
Room 51. Mary Margaret Barr, Stuart Blodgett, Constance Carpenter, Margaret Kohn, Rosalie Lewitt, Margaret Randall.
Room 55. Annie Dillingham, Roland Crowe, Marian Knight, Albert Rosenberg, Meyer Fisch.

4B Room 31. Edna Doyle, Irma Lutz, Eugene Frey, Theodore Rissell, Saul Siff, Eli Silberfeld.
Room 33. Melita Ahl, Josephine Megaro, Stanton Townley.

3A Room 25. Lawrence Burgyes, Joseph Flanagan, Roland Heyer, Fairlie McNear, Thelma Ruffkess, Henry Venus.
Room 67. Simon Harris, Ruth Krout, Esther Obertrifter, Franklin Steiger.

3B Room 41. Helene Rosenstreter, Franklin Chattin.
Room 76. Sarah Weckstein.

2A Room 32. Franklin Gilbert.
Room 56. Hedwig Hass, Kelvin Krist, Marie Welsh.
Room 57. Gertrude Day, Emily Smith.
Room 82. Helen Batters, Eleanor Wilsey.
Room 85. Victor Reynolds.

2B Room 26. Ruth Scott, Louis Kessler.
Room 66. Doris Hoops, June Kessler.

1A Room 59. Florence Carr, Joseph Weintraub.
Room 69. Margaret Blake, Esther Neiss, Gilda Rosamilia.
Room 81. Gilbert Crogan.
Room 83. Esther Slade, Harry Stein, Elizabeth Taylor.

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A SERIO-COMEDY

By Clement H. Golden.

From the very moment that Andrew Lee first opened his eyes, until that day when he had advanced from long dresses to rompers, his sole pleasure was to cry most of the time and occasionally to fall out of his crib. He would have used his time to more advantage, if he had had his own way; but being at that time in a semi-helpless state, he was hampered by untoward circumstances. In his intervals of quietude, as he lay placidly and serenely sucking his thumb, he plotted and meditated upon greater activities in the days to come.

In the course of time the day arrived when he donned rompers and tumbled from the larva of his infancy. He had a natural aptitude and genius for mischief. An open window, a costly vase, a boiling pot, they were all alike to him. His elder sister, who was very outspoken, had once characterized him as "a little pest," thereby shocking his loving mother. His escapades were too numerous to mention.

Andy attained the mature age of three, without incurring any mishap more serious than black and blue decorations about the region of the knees and shins, and also divers cut fingers. At this time, his real troubles began. Bruises, cuts, chickenpox, measles, etc., had been no novelty to him. Suddenly, he was taken sick with scarlet fever. For weeks, he lay in a delirium, hovering about the borderland which separates this world from the next. At last he recovered. But the ravages of the disease had so told upon him, that he was left in a greatly weakened condition.

After mature consideration, Andy's father and mother decided that he must go on a vacation. But where? Hereupon the insidious Fates put a bright idea into Mr. Lee, Sr.'s, not over-bright head.

"Why," he exclaimed to his sadly puzzled spouse, "let Andy go to his Aunt Lucy's, while we take a rest at —— Beach."

"But," Mrs. Lee doubted, "will Lucy be able to take care of our boy?"

"Certainly," returned Mr. Lee.

"I know Andy is a good boy," said Mrs. Lee (she meant that he was an angel when he slept), "but he is such a delicate child."

"Oh, that's all right, my dear; Lucy will take as good care of him as you could," replied Mr. Lee.

"All right, if you think it best, I shall let him go," sighed Mrs. Lee.

Accordingly, communications were set up with Mr. George and Mrs. Lucy Graham, known respectively as Uncle George and Aunt Lucy. In the course of a week, satisfactory relations were established, and Mr. Lee and Andy at last were en route for Fairdale, in the Adirondacks, fifteen miles from which metropolis, Mrs. Lee's sister, Lucy, and Uncle George resided.

The journey was entirely uneventful, in the main, except for a few bright, wise, and mature observations on the part of Andy, such as:

"Oh, papa, dust look at the funny tickens," when he saw ducks swimming in a puddle," and, "Look, papa, at the horsy with horns on his head," when he observed cows grazing in a field.

At last, they reached Fairdale, where Uncle George was waiting with a horse and buggy. After greetings, they all climbed into the buggy and started off. The scenery was most delightful, but the roads were execrably bad. Verdun had nothing on them: nothing but ruts and rocks. This seemed to anger Uncle George, for strange mutterings were heard coming from him. The road was so bad that it took them two hours to reach the Graham homestead. There, they were greeted most effusively by Aunt Lucy. Aunt Lucy, to an ordinary observer, would have seemed to be alarmingly fat. But as Aunt Lucy had a very sharp tongue, and a muscular arm coupled with a varied collection of rolling-pins, all agreed with her when she remarked that she was not fat, "only stoutish." Nevertheless, there were certain evil-minded persons who were known to have discussed her corpulence behind her back.

It was two days since Mr. Lee had gone home, leaving Andy with his aunt and uncle. It had been raining heavily during the last several days, much to the detriment of the ill-favored roads mentioned above.

Just before his bedtime, at half-past eight in the evening, Andy had been left in the kitchen, while Aunt Lucy had gone to make everything secure for the night, and Uncle George had gone to the stables to see to the animals. The wind whistled and shrieked ominously, and howled down the chimney, defying and threatening the great fire in the fireplace. Outside it rained in torrents, and the night was perfectly dark but for an occasional flash of lightning. The forest creaked and groaned under the lash of the wind.

Aunt Lucy, having finished her duty, returned to the kitchen with a candle in her hand. As she opened the door, she stopped, and a cry of horror half escaped her lips. There was Andy, lying on the floor and writhing evidently in great pain, and on the floor beside him lay the half-emptied formaldehyde bottle, which George had bought last week to kill the rats. She ran to Andy and picked him up. At that moment, George came in, and at last managed to comprehend what was going on. They were almost hysterical, knowing nothing of antidoes in such a case, and the nearest doctor in Fairdale. The next moment, Uncle George decided upon a plan

Continued on Page Twenty-three.

GOLD

By Ethel Dodge.

A childish figure hurried with surprising rapidity up the long, steep, stony road. It was that of a little country boy such as you may see any day in the year in New England, with torn, muddy overalls, bare, hard little feet, rumpled brown hair, and freckles. This particular little boy was eight years old, had a monopoly on freckles, dirt, and stone bruises, and possessed the full title of James Withrop Marsh—otherwise Jimmy.

The day was warm, and as he trudged along his small chest rose and fell vigorously beneath the narrow margin of purple and white checked shirt above his overalls. This shirt made itself uncomfortably prominent by being too large about the sleeves and falling down over its owner's wrists. This fault was corrected by an impatient tug at the shoulder or shove at the wrist every few steps by the unhappy Jimmy.

But heat, discomfort, and delinquent shirt sleeves could not deter Jimmy from his purpose, and upward he trudged without slackening his speed. At the first turn of the road, he paused, looked stealthily around, then turned and plunged into a path half-choked with tall weeds and leading across the fields.

Now, what could have impelled this young man on a drowsy Saturday afternoon to sneak out the back way and go wandering off by himself?

Gold! Yes, sir, the lure of gold had possessed the youngster as it possesses many older than he, and with just about as much common sense as his elders he had set out on his wild quest, without much knowledge of the real facts of the case. Bill Grant, who could knock any one within a radius of several miles, and was therefore the idol of the smaller boys, had told him that he could find gold on South Hill. Very well—so be it! Improbable as it seemed even to his little brain, he had Bill's word for it, and that was enough. Then, too, Bill had told him just where to look.

Jimmy had set out this afternoon when his mother was not looking—not because he had any feeling of guilt, for what could be wrong about going to get a thousand dollars for your mother? But because he had a child's natural desire to keep a favorite scheme to himself. And then—let me introduce you to Mrs. Marsh.

Every one respected the Widow Marsh. When Mr. Marsh had been killed by the fall of a giant up in the lumber camp, on Jackson's Ridge, ten years before, the spirit with which Mrs. Marsh had taken hold and gone ahead had astonished every one. But though she was sincerely respected, it cannot be said that she was sincerely loved, for she was not a lovable kind of woman. Tall and spare as a blasted pine, with square, bony shoulders and deep chest, coarse dark brown hair, deep-set brown eyes, and a chin that formed a rampart to the rest of her face, she had fought her way through with an indomitable will and courage. She could have commanded a regiment, but, as none was available, she spent her time and energy in commanding Jimmy. Not that she was ever unkind to him—she was too kind at heart for that—but she loved to feel that she had absolute control over him. However, she was coming gradually to admit that he was beginning to have a very decided will of his own. He was both in appearance and nature exactly like his father. Every one agreed that Bob Marsh would have made a fine minister if he had had a good education, but they likewise agreed that, lacking it, he had turned out a very fine figure of a lumberman. The splendid combination of strength and gentleness that had been his father's was Jimmy's. He had two very decided manœuvres by which he could move his mother. He might, if she was not so very mad, suddenly fling his arms around her and utterly undermine her, or if this failed or she was too angry, he would suddenly square his shoulders, set his teeth, and give his mother a quick look like a flash of blue lightning. That look would always send Mrs. Marsh off muttering.

Not that he was at all an utterly uncontrollable little boy. If he had done anything dreadfully wrong, he would yield quite unresistingly to her anger, and take his punishment with a resignation that disconcerted and puzzled Mrs. Marsh not a little. Altogether, he was somewhat of a trial to his resolute mother, though no one could accuse him of actual rebellion.

After he had left the road and turned into the path, he went more slowly, not seeming to be very certain of his way. How had Bill told him? Up this path till it turned to the right, then straight ahead till you came to the woods, and then half a mile to the left of the first tree he saw that had no branches. Oh, yes! Enough—he must hunt, and hunt, and *hunt* until he found a tree without any branches. That would probably take a long time, but then—he squared his shoulders—he wasn't a baby, and his father—his father could pull a tree up without even trying, he guessed, most! Somebody had said once that his father was as strong as Herkiles, but he knew that that was wrong; he must be a great deal stronger, 'cause everybody knew his father was the strongest man in the world. And his mother had said often that he was just like his father. Well, then! Just wait till he came back with a million dollars! Then would his mother

ever want to lick him? He guessed she wouldn't!

Oh, gee, he had forgotten to look for the tree without any branches. He guessed he wouldn't do that again. But there were such a lot of trees with branches, and none at all without. Oh-h, it was getting dark! The sun had gone down and everything was getting black and quiet—and—maybe there weren't any trees without branches —and—maybe Bill was a liar! One dirty little hand indignantly dashed away gathering tears. Shucks! what was he being such a baby about?

A figure glided out slowly from the shadows in front of him. He started back with a shrill little cry, then stepped forward boldly upon seeing that the apparition was only a woman. She lifted one hand slowly to her forehead, as though struck and startled, and then asked in a queer, hoarse voice:

"What do you want? Who are you?"

Cowed and terrified by the strange voice and manner, and exhausted by his long tramp, Jimmy gasped helplessly, "The gold—where's the gold?" and then burst out sobbing piteously.

All this time, Mrs. Marsh had been growing more and more uneasy. At first she had scoffed at her anxieties, but as the sun went down, she began to pace excitedly from room to room. At last she threw a shawl over her head and hastened across the road to Mrs. Grant's. The family were at supper, and it seemed an eternity before the large lumbering figure of Mrs. Grant appeared at the door.

"Mrs. Grant, have you seen anything of Jimmy?" she gasped, almost before the door was fully opened.

"My land, no, Mrs. Marsh, not since four this afternoon, when I seen him chasin' along up the hill—now let's see, was it up the hill?—William!"

A meek little man appeared in the doorway.

"Now, Maria," he began apologetically (Mr. Grant was normally apologetic with his better half), when he observed the visitor. "That you, Mrs. Marsh? Come in, won't ye? Ain't seen you here for some time, now; must be——" he broke off uncertainly as he observed the unusual atmosphere.

"Oh, Mr. Grant, have you seen Jimmy?" poor Mrs. Marsh quavered piteously.

But before deliberate Mr. Grant could bring forth a reply, there was a sudden quick shuffle behind him, and the figure of William Grant, Jr., came quickly into view. "Big Bill" looked scarcely his twelve years, even, as he threw one arm up before his eyes, and blubbered miserably, "I done it! I told him there was gold up on South Hill, but I didn't think he believed it. Oh, I wisht I was dead!" and the brawny champion gave vent to an exceedingly childish howl.

"South Hill!" shrieked Mrs. Grant hysterically, while Mrs. Marsh stood transfixed with ter-

hundred times over while we've been standing here—now you come back!" as Mrs. Marsh started wildly down the steps. "William and some of the menfolks will hitch up and go look for him 'fore you can say scat"—(here Mrs. Grant raised her voice and there was a quick scamper of feet)—"now don't you take on so. They'll bring him back safe and sound, and you, Mrs. Marsh, you set right down and have a bite, as I take it you haven't had any supper. Womenfolks ain't an airthly bit of good when it comes to searchin'-parties. Men come in handly then, I do say." Having talked herself into her usual self-possession, she half-dragged her visitor into the dining-room, and deposited her on the nearest chair.

As the little searching-party makes it way up the long trail, let us pay a visit to the home of Helene Cortwright, who is entertaining an unexpected young guest. In a rough little hut on the highest point of South Hill before a cheerful fire there sat a young woman and a little boy. The youngster was no other than our friend Jimmy, eating bread and milk as contentedly as if he were at his own supper-table. The young woman sat with arms folded, regarding the child with the peculiar embarrassment found in people shut off long from human society. Her face, though dark and sad, was very beautiful in the firelight, with great dusky violet eyes, light olive skin, and chestnut brown hair, that hung in two long braids over her broad, strong shoulders. She wore a faded though scrupulously neat gingham dress and heavy shoes, like a man's. Her little home was snug and comfortable enough in its way, containing one room in which were two chairs, a cot, and a small chest of drawers. On a hook in the corner hung a heavy dark cloak with a hood, the garment in which Jimmy had first seen her.

The boy took in all these details with intense interest, then turned his eyes inquiringly to Helene.

"Why do you live out here? Do you live here all the time?" he asked gently.

"Yes," she replied, evading his first question. "I used to live in New York," she added more pleasantly.

"You did, honest? What's it like? Is it a big place? Tell me about it!"

"Not now, little one. New York isn't as splendid as you think, and you'd better hope you'll never live there. But come, you haven't told me how you came to be lost up here as late as this. How did it happen?"

By much skillful questioning, Helene managed to get some general idea of his search. "And now," he finished dramatically, "I want to go home."

"You want to go home now? 'Way after bedtime? You'd better stay with me to-night, little

Continued on Page Twenty-four.

THE ACROPOLIS

REPAID WITH INTEREST

By Percy Olton..... ....

A small party in military uniforms were toiling up a deep valley in the Italian Alps. On either side of them towered peaks thousands of feet high. Here and there the surface of a glacier sparkled. One could hear a deep rumbling sound like thunder but the sky was a clear blue dotted with a few specks of white cloud. The noise was that of heavy artillery for the trenches of the Italians and Austrians were a scant five miles beyond.

"We must start to climb here," said one of the party, and they turned toward the mountain wall on their right. Seven of the party were mountaineers and regarded the climb of seven thousand feet as a mere joke. "Wait until you have climbed the Matterhorn," they said. However, the eighth member had always been on the plains in Padua, and the bare precipices inspired him with instinctive fear. He was an expert structural and internal combustion engineer, so his government had sent him here to construct and run one of the first of those aerial tramways for which Italy later became so famous.

Up, up they went. First over the broken pieces of rock which are always present at the foot of a bare mountain, then up the side, climbing from ledge to ledge, until it seemed to the plainsman as though they had gone three times the height of the mountain. Now they had to cross the face of a precipice. The ledge on which they were crawling became narrower and suddenly broke off and it was necessary to cross an expanse of about fifty feet by tiny notches in the stone.

"I cannot go across there," said the plainsman to a gay young fellow of about his own age who was following him.

"Go on," said his comrade, whom they called Pedro, "I will follow close after you. Do not be afraid."

"Ho! The little boy is afraid," shouted a big rough fellow who followed him, "dig out a path so he cannot fall."

Most of the others laughed, but Pedro said. "Keep quiet, you dog! You hate his plains as much as he hates your mountains." All the way across Pedro kept a hand on his shoulder and steadied him in the hardest places.

Inside himself, Tony, the plainsman, vowed: "If ever I get the chance, I will repay him."

Months passed, but Tony did not get his chance. A long cable had been led across the valley. A small engine hut had been built and camouflaged, for Austrian gunners liked to shell that region. Beside the hut, a tower was erected from which a cable about as thick as one's wrist stretched across the valley and over the other side on to a large base of supplies. Beside the large suspending cable there were two traction cables, each about as thick as a lead pencil. On the other side of the hut it went a short distance to an Italian battery.

It was customary for Pedro to go over the length of the route inspecting the cable and oiling the pulleys which supported the traction cables. He used to go across the valley in his own tiny car. All that he used was a couple of light bars like a trapeze suspended by two wheels from the cable.

"That is dangerous. Why don't you use a car with a bottom?" Tony asked him.

"That is nothing," he replied; "riding in a regular car is child's play."

"Well, I wouldn't dare to," announced Tony, doubtfully. "If you should slip——" He made a gesture with his hand to represent a body turning slowly and falling, falling, falling.

One day Pedro was half way across the valley, when a stray bullet hit the flange of one wheel, chipping it and knocking it off the cable.

Tony, watching from his window in the engine house, saw Pedro waving his arm and stopped the engine.

As soon as the car stopped, Pedro, in his usual daredevil way, grasped the cable with one hand, and, hanging free of the car, started to lift it back into place. However, just as he was going to take hold of the car, it sprang away and went whirling away for half a mile across the valley.

This so surprised Pedro that he nearly let go of the cable. "That fool, Tony! He has started the engine!" was his second thought. Then he saw that the traction cable was missing. That gave him a clue to the real reason. A shell had by some ill fortune clipped the cable between him and the power house. It was a miracle that it had not cut the suspending cable also. The weight of the free pulling cable had jerked the car away from him.

In the meantime, Tony had seen the accident and was so horrified that he did not move for a moment. Then, thinking with the quickness of lightning, he ran out, climbed the tower, seized an empty car and hung it on the heavy cable. As the cable went on a steady down slant, he had but to jump on and he was whizzing towards Pedro. As he neared the hanging figure, he put his hands on the cable to stop the car. The rope burned his hands, rubbed his palms to raw flesh, but even under this excruciating pain he held on, for he must slow down the car. As he was covering the last few yards, he gave an extra hard squeeze on what seemed to be a red-hot steel bar, and then collapsed in a dead faint.

The next that he knew, he was lying on the floor of the car with Pedro bending over him. One glance told him that they were on the far

Continued on Page Twenty-four.

Anne Dillingham
Imre Domonkos

Mary Margaret H. Barr, Ch.
Jean Morrill

THE SCIENCE CLUB.

The Science Club held its first meeting of the spring term on Friday, March eleventh, at 1:30. Mr. Dumm is faculty adviser for this term.

The election of officers was the chief business to be transacted. Edward J. Stevens was unanimously re-elected president. The other officers are Fred Eitel, vice-president; Elizabeth Mingle, secretary; Albert Rosenberg, chairman of program committee; and Fisch, chairman of membership committee. The Club is, indeed, fortunate to have such a staff of officers, and very interesting meetings may be expected in spite of the conflicting schedules.

At the conclusion of the business part of the meeting, John Ruchelhaus gave a very interesting talk on the radiophone. Radiophone concerts are expected some time in the near future for the benefit of the members of the Science Club. After adjournment of the Science Club, the Radio Club held its reorganization meeting. John Ruchelhaus was elected president.

The students of Barringer will, no doubt, have many advantages as a result of the co-operation of the Science Club and the Radio Club.

GLEE CLUBS.

The Glee Clubs have been working very hard this term to give on operetta or a minstrel program.

Barringer! Barringer!

Where are your songsters? Surely there are more people who can at least try to sing. Miss Darnell will welcome every new member.

There are good times in store for all Barringer students. Why not help make it better by being in it?

THE ITALIAN CLUB.

A meeting of the Italian Club was held in the Science Lecture Room on the last Friday of February, during the noon recess and the sixth period. More than ninety members attended and voiced their desire to continue as an organization even through this difficult double-session term.

Election of officers resulted in the choice of the Misses Faustina Rizzolo and Genevieve Weyand and Messrs. Anselm Martucci, Peter Rosamilia, and Gerard Garfola as club councillors.

The club members decided to bend all their efforts towards a highly commendable aim—the commemoration of the six hundredth anniversary of the death of Dante Alighieri, the greatest Italian poet—the master of epic poetry.

The whole world is uniting to pay due honor to the "divine poet," and the Italian Club has decreed that from Barringer, too, shall incense rise to honor the sublime Italian whose genius has inspired, throughout the ages, all that our civilization boasts of truth, and depth, and beauty.

LE CERCLE FRANCAISE.

The reorganization meeting of the Cercle Francaise was held on Friday, February twenty-fifth, during the eighth period. A brief business meeting, at which Mr. Crosse presided, preceded the afternoon's program. The following officers were unanimously elected:

President—Stuart Blodgett.
Vice-president—Julia Clements.
Secretary—Mary Margaret Barr.
Faculty Treasurer—Mr. Crosse.

At the close of the business session, the President introduced Mrs. Alice M. Dickson, the editor of "Le Petit Journal," a French newspaper for American students of French. Her subject was "Life in a French Village." "To know a people, their customs, and their beliefs," she said, "it is necessary to live among them." For that purpose, Mrs. Dickson spent some time in a little village of about two hundred and fifty inhabitants, between Nancy and Luneville, in the eastern part of France. It was a farming settlement, thrifty and hard working. There were no debts, and each villager could keep his children

in school until the legal age, thirteen years, for going to work.

Although the largest "farm" was only two and a half acres, a great variety of crops was grown, as a result of which many other villages could be supplied with fresh vegetables and other necessities of life. One remarkable part of village life is that each family has fresh meat, such as lamb or beef, only at Easter and the feast of Saint-Jean, which is the twenty-fourth of June. Throughout the year, one pig supplies their needs for meat. A favorite dish which is served day in and day out is composed of cabbage boiled with a small piece of salt pork and potatoes.

Mrs. Dickson was greatly amused at the eagerness of the children in that particular school to name New York as the capital of the United States. Before the war, however, America seemed to them a far-away country in many ways. The school day is from 8:30 to 4:30. Because of the long day the boys and girls are able to acquire a vast amount of knowledge, in which they take great pride. They are very anxious to use only the purest French and to exclude all slang. In France, the study of foreign languages is begun very early. Perhaps that accounts for their proficiency in English.

There are a few marked characteristics of the French people which greatly impressed Mrs. Dickson. First is their sense of thrift. No doubt it is strengthened by the difficulty of earning money which makes them realize its value. This characteristic is common to other European nations, too, and, in a way, Mrs. Dickson believes, they are in the right. Their patience and courtesy were also very marked. These traits were interestingly illustrated by humorous and remarkable incidents encountered by Mrs. Dickson in her war work in the devastated regions.

At the close of Mrs. Dickson's talk, M. Chatin, a French actor, was introduced. M. Chatin recited several French poems, among which was one of Fontaine's fables, "The Herron." Our visitor is a member of the company of actors who presented three French plays on March eighteenth.

Barringer students of French, show your school spirit! Come and join the French Circle!

FRENCH DECORATION FOR THREE MEMBERS OF BARRINGER FACULTY.

In recognition of the work done by Barringer High School in the French language and in relief work during and after the war, the French government has awarded the Decoration of the Academic Palms to Principal Wayland E. Stearns, Mr. William Milwitzky, and Mr. Franklin Crosse. Mr. Milwitzky and Mr. Crosse have been active as secretary and assistant secretary, respectively, of the Alliance Francaise.

The decoration, which is usually awarded to literary men, artists, and scholars, is accompanied by a diploma from the government and sometimes by a medal, and confers the right to wear a violet ribbon or rosette, together with the title of officer of the Academy or officer of public instruction.

Ever since the first visit of M. Pierre de Lanier to Barringer, the school has been known to the educational ministry of the French government. The things which impressed M. Lamix and the others who came later was the fine spirit existing between teachers and pupils, and in teaching, the attempt which was made to get beyond the dry letters of the text into the spirit of the subject. The donation of the Barringer-Beronda Room at Camp Merritt and the work done in connection with it added to our credit. The work of the French Circle in selling Christmas cards, and the adoption of twenty-two French orphans by pupils and teachers, and the unusually large representation of Barringer in the meetings of the Federation of French Alliances were all remarkable; also the establishment of the French Room and the spirit that goes with it—all these things have helped to impress the French government and to bring this very unusual honor to the school.

BARRINGER'S OBSERVANCE OF WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

Two interesting programs were presented at the auditorium exercises on Monday, February twenty-first.

The upper classes were greatly pleased and honored to hear as the speaker of the day, Dr. Charles Lee Reynolds of the Park Presbyterian Church. Dr. Reynolds presented some different phases of Washington's character and personality.

Washington, he said, was greatly favored because his parents contributed so much to his success in many ways. Moreover, unlike many of the greatest master minds, he had a magnificent physique to support his mind.

While Washington did not have a broad formal education, he was widely read, and had a profound understanding of what he had read, as the result of a brain disciplined by good habits.

Morally, he was unsullied by the common vices of the Virginia planters of those days. Although he had the disadvantages of a rich man's son, he overcame them well because he always respected his conscience. He was a constant church attendant. Washington had a temper, but since he controlled it well, it served as a power to advance him. This fact may apply as well to people in present-day life. He always forbade profanity among his men.

Washington was never conceited. The saying goes that "his modesty was surpassed only by his valor." His patriotic devotion was extra-

ordinary, a fact which may be gleaned from the simplest history book.

It may seem strange, said Dr. Reynolds, in closing, that the national crises of a country often center about great men, as it has in the case of Washington and Lincoln.

The morning program was concluded by the singing of several patriotic songs.

The program for the freshman classes was prepared by the students themselves. The first numbers were the singing of "Onward, Christian Soldiers" and "America, the Beautiful." Gerald Cetrulo told of "An Englishman's Eulogy of Washington," in a recitation. Then a poem entitled "The Birthday of Washington Ever Honored" was given by Ellen O.dknow. A recitation, "Washington's Inaugural Journey from Mt. Vernon to New York," by Harold Napoliello, and a poem, "Washington," by Anna Silidker, after the singing of "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," by the entire assembly. The program was concluded by the singing of "America."

THE THALIANS.

The reorganization meeting of the Thalians was held about the middle of February. The following officers were elected:

President—Fred Frost.
Vice-President—Margaret Durand.
Secretary—Kathryn Elkins.
Treasurer—Mr. Crosse.

The executive committee consists of the officers and Stuart Blodgett.

On March 17, there was a revival of "The Obstinate Family," by the original cast with the exception of one, Harlan De Voe. The cast included Fred Frost, Stuart Blodgett, Violet Smith, Kathryn Elkins, Harlan De Voe.

Plans are in the making for an evening performance of two one-act plays, Quinteros's "A Sunny Morning," and "Where but in America?" by an American playwright.

In spite of the irregular schedules, the Thalians hope to carry out plans for several interesting programs.

Barringer students, show your ability! Try out for membership in the Thalians!

4A CLASS.

The first meeting of the new 4A Class was held in the Auditorium on Tuesday, February 15th, during the eighth period. The meeting was opened by the President. The election of officers was held. After an exciting competition the following officers were elected: Edward Stevens, president; Marion Knight, vice-president; Margaret Kohn, secretary, and Stuart Blodgett, treasurer. A motion was made and carried that the president be given power to appoint such committees as were necessary and were not provided for in the Constitution. The meeting adjourned at 3:20.

THE 4B CLASS.....tton

President—Harlan De Voe.
Vice-President—Kathryn Elkins.
Treasurer—Stanton Townley.
Secretary—Anna Bishop.

The 4B Class held a meeting on March 14 Room 33. The Motto Committee submitted report. The Class of January, 1922, chose t motto, "Sapientia nos ducat"—"Let wisdom our guide."

The President announced the names of tho who are to serve on this term's committees.

Mr. Haulenbeek, our class advisor, opened interesting discussion on the question, "Is o class run in a democratic way?"

Some sharp criticisms were made upon our o ganization by fellow-students, but after caref analysis, it became apparent that the charges criticisms were groundless.

The question was put to a vote, with the resu that most of the members voted in the affirmativ

THE ROSTRUM.....the.....

On March 11, six teams debated the questior "Resolved, That the principle of the open sho should be established and maintained in Amer can industry."

Barringer's home team defended the affirma tive and East Orange's visiting team the negativ side. The teams consisted of:

Affirmative.	Negative.
Harold Davis, Capt.	Curtis Frank, Capt.
Sidney Blumberg	Frances Reynolds
Percy Olton	Norman Bayles
Harry Weiss—alt.	Frances Manning—alt.

The decision of the judges was: Affirmative Negative 3.

Barringer's visiting team met Montclair's hom team at Hillside Auditorium. The teams con sisted of:

Affirmative.	Negative.
Howard Finney, Capt.	Charles Bradley, Capt.
Bronson Goddard	Imre Domonkos
Minnette Townsend	Fred A. Frost
Woolsey Cole—alt.	George Haight—alt.

The decision of the judges was: Affirmative 2 Negative 1.

East Orange's home defeated Montclair's visiting team at East Orange.

2A.

At the reorganization of the Class of '23, he'd in 69 on March 8, officers were elected as follows: President, Gilbert Inglis; Vice-president, Alice Smith; Treasurer, Keith Urmy; Secretary, Elizabeth De Voe. Helen Clements was elected chairman of an Entertainment Committee which is to further the plans of a "get-together" for the class.

Lew Westreich, Ch.
Ed. Stevens

Ruth Soden
Wallace Fern

George Haight

BASEBALL.

Why is it that in other schools when a call for baseball candidates is made, there are at least a hundred fellows who apply, while here in Barringer we don't have a quarter of that number? Twenty-five out of nearly one thousand boys is not a very good percentage. Of course, there are a few who are ineligible because of studies and some who are not built for it, but what about the rest of you fellows?

Students who have been in the school for not more than three years can remember when a team was picked that won everything in sight, including the N. J. I. A. A. and the City League. In those days, everybody that could throw a ball at all, went out for the "varsity," and those who were unable to do this, packed the home grounds whenever there was a game and rooted until they were hoarse. This is the kind of backing, co-operation and school spirit that makes the winning school.

Some fellows say that they never could play. "There is no time like the present to learn," and you never know what you can do until you try. Possibly if you do go out, you will not "make" anything the first year, but think of the start you've got on next year's team. If you think you haven't got the time, just remember the coach who works and works with little thanks, just for your benefit. What can any coach do without "material" to work with? Practically nothing. Last of all, where is your school spirit of loyalty? Surely it has not disappeared.

BASEBALL PROSPECTUS.

Although only three veterans are back in harness, a number of new candidates are showing much class. The candidates for the batteries are rounding into form rather rapidly. Especially is Witt, our veteran hurler, showing fine control. Miele and Eitel, our backstops, are handling our twirlers in good style, while our infielders and outfielders are scooping 'em up with lots of pep. No doubt the team will shape up into a snappier organization when Coach "Jimmy" Wood gets his baseballers outdoors. The men showing promise in the pitching department are Kelly, Wiebe, Westreich, and Blumberg. The infielders, Burney, Nussbaum, Boxer, Melanga, and Owen are fighting hard for varsity berths around the sacks. The outfielders, Junker, a veteran of last year; Townley, Rosamilia, and Pechenik are also showing lots of snap and dash. Then, there are the ineligibles who promise the varsity some good stiff practice. Mr. Fields has consented to coach the "flunkers" and they do shape up as a formidable outfit. To Mr. Wood is left the same huge task of building up an entirely new team, as Mr. Pritchard faced last fall when he built up a football machine that would have been regarded as very good if it had been a veteran combination. We wish Mr. Wood lots of luck, and hope that he may be able to put a team on the field that will do Barringer credit in spite of the shortage of experienced timber.

SCHEDULE.

Date.	School.	Place.
April—13	St. Benedicts	City Field
15	*East Side	City Field
20	Orange	Orange
22	†East Orange	City Field
26	*Central	City Field
29	†Montclair	City Field
May — 3	Caldwell	Caldwell
6	†Dickinson	City Field
10	*South Side	City Field
13	†East Orange	East Orange
17	*East Side	City Field
20	†Montclair	Montclair
24	*Central	City Field
25	Newark Academy	Academy
27	†Dickinson	Jersey City
June — 3	Bloomfield	Bloomfield
7	*South Side	City Field

*City League. †N. J. I. A. A.

EXPERIMENTS IN VERSE

BY MEMBERS OF THE 4A CLASS

ROOSEVELT.

Of all the recent heroes of our land,
There's none who hopes with Roosevelt to stand.
So gifted, versatile, beloved, admired,
He has the homage of mankind acquired.
To youths who love a hero strong and bold,
The story of San Juan has ne'er grown old;
By statesmen he was always called a friend,
He never would a tricky move commend;
And him the people cherished in their heart,
For he would always take the poor man's part.
He loved to serve his own beloved land,
And toiled for all with head and heart and hand.

MARY MARGARET H. BARR.

A GREAT AMERICAN.

He was the States', and did all that he could
To make us seem just like one brotherhood;
A good American, and soldier, too,
Beloved by many, hated by a few,
For *he* it was who made the anarchist
Feel mighty small, and curse, and shake his fist.
He was a prince to those who knew him well,
To whom they ne'er shall find a parallel.
Where'er he went, he made his presence felt.
Who can it be if not our Roosevelt?

MARGARET RANDALL.

ROOSEVELT.

He was above all other men a man;
We proudly say, the great American.
A man of strength, though birth had made him weak;
A man of fame, though fame he did not seek:
For country's sake, with every nerve, he worked;
When duty called, her call he never shirked.
And now, from us his manly soul has fled;
But Roosevelt lives—his mem'ry is not dead.

STUART BLODGETT.

A good and noble man was Roosevelt;
Great love for his own native land he felt.
Whene'er he thought his views were just and right,
He then stood firm, prepared to win the fight.
Or if the path was dark, the way not clear,
He looked to God for light, and did not fear.

VIRGINIA VLIET.

ROOSEVELT.

Roosevelt! a mortal with immortal fame,
By toil and care and justice won a name.
A loyal man, sagacious, wise, and true,
When any tack he failed, he tried anew.
A statesman with his hands quite clean and pure,
Our country lost; that loss she must endure.

ABE SCHIFFMAN.

LINCOLN.

Homely, you say—nay, beautiful face!
Pride of our nation, triumph of our race!
So great was he that none could greater be;
So noble, none more noble was than he.
Guide of our destiny through an awful war,
Time brings thee, Lincoln, honor more and more.

MARION MARBLE.

AN EPIGRAM.

To W. E. S.

In heaven, the ancient Greeks believed, lived Zeus.
The thunderbolt was fashioned for his use.
On earth, we modern pupils know, lives Stearns,
A weapon of material force he spurns.
The former held his rule supreme by fear:
The latter has no sceptre but his cheer.

F. A. F.

THE AIRSHIP.

All hail! the conqueror that swiftly sails,
Proudly and far, o'er cities, hills and dales;
A wonder of which Daedalus first thought,
When, with his son, he flight from Minos sought
Of great import was that first tragic trip,
For then was born, though crude, the first air ship.

CLEMENT GOLDEN.

THE SUBWAY.

Of all confusions, subways are the worst;
By each and every trampled traveler curst.
The men, alert and eager for the day,
Each morning, smiling bear the long delay;
At night, these men, fatigued by toil and strai
Attempt to push into the crowded train,—
All hope of heaven, all fear of hell dispersed,
When throngs, not few, resolve to enter first.
Feet crushed, hats knocked, clothes rudely jerk awry;
The men are grimly silent; children cry.
Beneath the ground, away from cool, fresh air,
They swelter thus; the noise augments their ca
And yet, for money, men will risk their health
They're losing treasure while they're gain wealth.

CATHERINE WILLIAMS

THE LIBRARIAN.

Tall, quiet, friendly, helpful, never bored—
The love of children is her great reward.
Not hardened by her years of faithful toil,
She always smiles, on troubled waves pours
Her smile brings cheer; her glance inspires lo
Symbol of patience, sent us from above.

MARGARET WILLIAM

Annie Bishop, Ch.
Bob Mezgar

Kathryn Elkins
Sam Chasalow

Elizabeth De Voe
Catherine Williams

A POORLY PREPARED CLASS.

Good morning, class, I'm glad to see your faces smiling happily. To-day we'll translate every line, conjugate and then decline, and if we have some time to spare, adjectives we shall compare. Begin at "non" and end at "est"; now who can read the Latin best?

Hart, begin and go right through. You're not prepared? Well, that will do. But wait, young man, you're not through yet. Copy it four times, don't forget, and if you're unprepared again I'll change my mind and make it ten. You have ambitions to be a teacher, you do real well as a special feature.

Pritchard next, *Pritchard*, I said, if you want to sleep go home to bed. Come here, my boy, take a front seat, sit up straight, pull in your feet. Come to-day at the close of school. I'll teach you how to play and fool. "Football practice"? No excuse; it doesn't pay to turn you loose. Sit on the front seat awhile and keep your feet from out the aisle.

Continue, Snavely, don't stand like that. Do you think you're an acrobat? The posture chart tells how to stand, put you're book in either hand. Sit down, you're through, you don't know how, I'll teach you some time, but I won't right now.

We might as well begin the slaughter. Ellis, conjugate coh*ortor*. What's that? You don't know where to start? Well, why don't you look at the chart? That chart was made for one and all, it isn't there to hide the wall. "I never said that before," you say? You must have been absent on that day.

Broadhead's got in trouble again, give that Fields boy back his pen. Broadhead, will you please arise? Why don't you take some one your size? You two are always in a scrap. Fields, find Rome upon the map. You're wrong, my boy, a slight mistake—that's the ocean, not a lake. Broadhead, find it, if you please. That's not Rome. It's only Greece.

King, please find Rome, if you can. Well, well, at last, a bright young man. That's fine, my boy, you're best in the class. I know that you will surely pass.

What's that noise? Who's feeling frisky? Come out from that desk, my dear Milwitsky! Take your seat, you're going some. My boy, have you some chewing gum? Remove it right away, my child, when you chew you look too wild.

Losee next, read on the text, why don't you start, why are you vexed? At last you've found out where to start; you meant to stall, you're very smart. Why, hasn't he a funny look? He reads the wrong side of the book! Come here, my boy—give me that pony, I knew there must be something phoney. Now please don't send him any flowers. My boy, I'll give you thirty hours. Report to detention every night; in a month you'll be all right.

Stone is absent, that seems queer, I'm almost sure I saw him here.

Nicklas, translate; never mind. Johnson, do you think I'm blind? I saw you throw that chalk at Barr. My eyes at least can see that far. "Barr threw first," you're trying to say? I might believe that some other day! Ten cents fine you'll have to pay. You're broke, you always are that way. Well, a penny down, a cent a week by degrees we'll stop the leak.

Crosse may now proceed to mourn. What's that? You say your page is torn? Well, a generous "three" I'll give to you; that's the best that I can do.

Saylor, start the ball to roll. I said Saylor, not you, Noll.

Pshaw! There's the bell to set you free.

These periods are too *short* for me.

"No wonder my darling is cross-eyed,"
Said the lovesick young Pat to his mother;
"For both of her eyes are so pretty,
That each wants to look at the other."

Who put the purse (pers) in the Personal box? Don't all speak at once, 'cause there's nothing in this one.

1B—I have to go home now and clean silver for my mother.

2B—That's a bright prospect.

Manser—Say, did you ever eat fish-fruit, Charlie?

Caddock—Why, what's that?

Cliff—"Crab"-apples!

ON A P. D. EXAM.

Open shop is when the saloons and barber shops are open on Sunday.

Teacher—Now, Jimmie, tell the name of the animal that gave your mother this lovely fur coat.

Johnnie—Papa.

Freshman—What becomes of those who fail in examinations?

Teacher—They repeat.

Freshman—But do you get credit for failing again?

Mr. Dumm—Have you any questions to ask about to-day's lesson?

Chasalow—Yes—where is it?

Mr. Saylor—Give a practical illustration of a body at rest.

Stude—A dead man in a coffin is a body at rest.

Mistress—You don't seem to know about finger-bowls, Norah. Didn't they have them at the last place you worked?

Maid—No, ma'em. They mostly washed themselves before they came to the table.

First Tramp—Where do you bathe?
Second Tramp—In the spring.
First Tramp—I said where, not when.

Old Lady—Can you direct me to a bank?
Boy—Yes, for a quarter.
Old Lady—Isn't that mighty high pay?
Boy—Not for a bank director.

She—We've been on this sailboat an hour and it's scarcely moved a yard.

Him—That's nothing. I can run a mile and only move two feet.

Anne—How are your personals coming along?

Sam—Well, personally, I don't think I'll have enough.

H. Newkirk—What would you do if you laughed till you split your sides?

Dill—I don't know.

Harry—Run till you get a stitch in them.

The brightest thing about Chasalow is his head.

A—I know a man who says he can't sit down and he can't stand up.

B—Well, if he tells the truth, he lies.

IN CHEM.

Miss Doyle—The right amount is *between* 6 and 7 drops.

The last afternoon tea in the Sanctum was attended by many of that room's steady patrons, both ladies and gents. Light refreshments were tastefully reserved.

Thatch Ayres—Father, was writing done on tablets of stone in the old days?

Mr. Ayres—Yes, my son.

Thatch—Gee, it must have taken a crowbar to break the news!

ONE CONVENIENCE NOT WANTED.

Hotel Clerk—With or without a bath, madam?
Small Boy—Aw, mother, get it without a bath.

Bob Metcalfe says that the only trouble with these French fellows is that when you try to talk to them, they don't even understand their own language.

Richard—This stew is good, isn't it?

Dick—Yes, but there is one thing I don't like about it.

Richard—What's that?

Dick—The taste.

A small boy came down the street one day wearing a loud necktie in an extra large bow knot. Another boy said: "Jack, what have you got on that loud necktie for?" Jack replied: "I have holes in my shoes and I want people to look at my head."

Sergeant—Why haven't you shaved this morning?

Private (in great surprise)—Ain't I shaved?

Sergeant—No, you're not. Why not?

Private—Well, I guess I shaved another feller. You see, there were a dozen of us using the same mirror!

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Melita Ahl with a new laugh.
Maggie Durand when she stops bluffing.
Hart flunking a test.
Blumberg not contradicting the teachers.
Domonkos not grinding.
Mary Margaret without a serious thought.
Betty Gray passing her work.
Anne Bishop when she is quiet.
Sichel never saying anything.
Walsh to class on time.
Metcalfe in a track suit.
Steve awake.
Frost when he could not crack a joke.
De Voe working overtime.
Charlie Caddock with his hair mussed.
Wilbur Baldwin quiet in class.

Mr. Hart—How could a sailing vessel, leaving Bristol, England, go to Australia?
Miss Reynolds—Er—er—by water!

Mr. Haggett (after lecturing the whole period)—The historians of this age were characterized by long-winded discussions.
(And he wondered why the class smiled.)

THE THREE GRACES.

De Voe, Perry, and Metcalfe.

Mr. Haulenbeek (talking about fire prevention)—You know the head of a match never does anything.
Melita Ahl—Gee, what a pile of matches there is around here!

Mr. Dumm—Who made the first nitride?
Edna Doyle—Paul Revere.

Ned—Look at that blue fox scarf over there.
Ted—It's pretty, but no fox ever lived that color.
Ned—No, but it dyed that color.

Toby—I own some floating stock.
Jeff—You do! What in?
Toby—Ivory Soap.

ADVICE TO THE IBS.

When in doubt as to where the lesson is, don't do any lesson. You will then be sure of not having done the wrong lesson.
Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow.
Moral: Come to school only on *Fridays*.

"I vish I vas as religious as Vilhelm?"
"And vy?"
"He clasps his hands so tight in the prayer he can't get them open ven der collection box comes aroundt."

Dumb—Why is the hour-glass made small in the middle?
Dizzy—To show the waste of time.

Marder—Do birds ever get angry?
Hockberg—Sure, I threw a stone at one once, and made it soar.

Hiram—Why do you call your cow United States?
Jabez—Wal, because she's gone dry.

A—Why does she wear that riding costume so much?
B—Oh, I suppose it's a habit.

She—You have such affectionate eyes.
He—Do you really mean it?
She—Yes, they're always looking at each other.

"And what did you enjoy most in France?"
Mrs. Newly Rich—Well, I think it was the French pheasants singing the "Mayonnaise."

"Officer, can you see me across the street?"
"Madam, I can see you a block off"

Oh, every fly that 'scaped from swatters,
Will have five million sons and daughters,
And countless first and second cousins,
O aunts and uncles—scores and dozens,
And fifty-seven million nieces;
So swat the blamed thing all to pieces.

He—A fool used to blow out the gas ——
She—And now?
He—He steps on it.

Passenger—Is this a fast train?
Conductor—Sure.
Passenger—I thought so. Mind if I get out and find what it's fast to?

Ex—I hear Jim's looking for a job.
Wy—Well, when it comes to jobs, Jim will have his pick—and shovel.

'Twas midnight in the parlor,
'Twas darkness everywhere,
The silence was unbroken,
For there was nobody there.

"Did Jack go in a Tuxedo last night?"
"No, it was rather nice out, so we walked."

Adam stood and watched his wife
Fall from an apple tree.
"Ah ha! at last Ive found her out!
Eavesdropping," muttered he.

"Sure, and they're goin' to run a minstrel show in Ireland, Mike."
"How do you know?"
"Haven't they been burning Cork?"

Mr. Hart—Despite my lack of a medical education, I have discovered a sure cure for sleeping sickness.
Mr. Stearns—Incredible! Explain yourself.
Mr. Hart—Well, all the cases in my classes are instantly cured by the ringing of a bell.

He—Let's kiss and make up.
She—If you are careful, I won't have to.

She—Have you noticed that woolen socks are very popular with both sexes?
He—No; do men wear them, too?

He—They have a trained nurse.
She—Don't they like wild ones?

IT HAPPENS IN THE BEST OF COMICS.

Frosh—I know more about this joke game than the editor does.
Soph—That's possible.
Frosh—Sure; he thought the stuff I submitted was original.

Marge—Gee, but I had a stirring time this afternoon.
Gerine—I was at a tea party, too.

M. K.—I like your cigarette holder.
W. P.—Why, I never use one.
M. K.—Don't be so dense?

McNear—Jones certainly has the card habit.
Burgyes—Yes, he even shuffles when he walks.

He—That girl reminds me of a wash-day.
She—How's that?
He—Nothing to her but clothes, pins, and a heavy line.

SOMEWHAT DIFFERENT.

She—And you really want to marry me?
He (stiffly)—I beg your pardon, madam; I think I only suggested that we become engaged.

Olwine—I hear that Dye has fitted his car out with a new siren.
Ayres—Yes, and she's a good looking one, too.

1st—Did you know that Mike lost three fingers shooting craps?
2nd—No; how did he do it?
1st—He didn't know they were loaded.

Albrecht—What did you think of the Turkish atrocities?
Dye—I don't knok; I never smoked them.

Little Willie Burns
Sat on a stove,
Little Willie Burns.

Little Willie Burns
Didn't go to heaven,
Little Willie Burns.

Maggie—Will you please tell me where the ribbon counter is?
Saleslady—Aisle C.
Maggie (after ten minutes)—Will you please tell me where the ribbon counter is?
Saleslady—Aisle C.
Maggie—I guess I'll see for myself.

FORD FOR SALE.

One Ford car with a piston ring,
Two front wheels, one front spring,
Has no fenders, seats made of plank,
Burns lots of gas, hard to crank.
Carburetor missing—hits on two.
Only three years old, four in the spring,
Shock-absorbers, n' everything.
Ten spokes missing, front axle bent,
Three tires punctured; ain't worth a cent.
If you want this car, inquire within—
One fine Ford for the shape it's in.

History Teacher—Who is the first boy mentioned in American history?
Louise—Chap. I.

A certain explorer is said to have found in Africa a tribe of wild women without tongues. He ought to come to Barringer.

EXPERT.

Employer (to tired-looking applicant)—Have you any experience as a sardine-packer?
Applicant for Position—Yes, sir. I used to work on the Public Service.

Winans—Have you seen the new buffalo quarters?
Miss Yelton—No.
Winans—Well, go over to the zoo.

MARVELOUS.

Nell Reynolds (in history)—The colonists brought their arms to church with them.

De Voe (selecting a committee)—Er—er—I don't know many girls.

CHARACTERIZED MAGAZINES.

Freshmen—Life.
Sophomores—P(1)uck.
Juniors—Fun.
Seniors—Judge.

DISCUSSING THE FRENCH MEETING.

Bob Metcalfe—What happened of importance?
Rip Townley—I was there.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

A wise man leaneth not upon others; he sitteth upon them.

What holds for a good egg holds for a bad one, only more so.

He who uses too much pepper must eventually sneeze.

The sensible people profit by the mistakes of others; they go to the movies.

If you are in love, get out before it is too late.

A rink full of ice is worth two lakes full of water.

RESNICK TO DENHOLZ.

"Have you seen Jenny?"
"Jenny who?"
"Jennyology."

DENHOLTZ TO RESNICK.

"Have you seen Jenny?"
"Jenny who?"
"Generosiy."

Perry—Gee, I almost had a scrap with Frost this morning. He ran three blocks straight without stopping.

De Voe—That's some run for a big fellow like Frost.

Perry—Yes, and it didn't do him a bit of good. I was half a block ahead of him all the way.

Judge—The evidence shows that you threw a brick at this man.

Prisoner—It shows more than that; it shows I hit him.

1B—I wonder who killed the greatest number of chickens.

2B—Shakespeare said that Hamlet's uncle "did murder most foul."

Rip Townley was copying a theme very fast the other day. When asked why he was writing so fast, he said that he was writing so as to get done before the ink gave out.

Thum (at the bakery)—Give me five cents' worth of holes with dough around them.

"I think," said the actor as a cabbage grazed his nose, "that some one has lost his head."

"It's the little things that tell," said the girl as she pulled her younger brother from under the sofa.

Margaret Durand—I've given up peanut bars for Lent.

V. Vliet—Oh, Maggie, how nutty!

Miss Coult—What kind of sentence is that?

Feldman—A long one.

Mr. Saylor—What would be the result if you added two apples and three oranges?

Haight—Salad.

Connie—Gee, I can't express myself.

Miriam—Well, hire an expressman.

IN ENGLISH.

Mr. Hart—*With* is a very poor word to end a sentence with.

Miss Belcher—Whom was this force under?

Stude—Under the sun!

Mr. Haulenbeek—Give the principal parts of *Occido*.

Kaddie—Occido—occidere—occidi—occid ——

Mr. H.—Better not kid him too much.

Salzman (in lunchroom)—What kind of pudding is this, please?

Ans.—Cottage pudding.

Salzman—Thank you. I thought I could taste plaster and wallpaper.

Francis Kolodin's Latin Trans.—The seas lifted themselves so high they bumped their heads against the sky.

It has recently been proved that Mr. Dumm is a hypnotist. He can make one believe red is black.

The hockey team had a late start this season, but our friend Al Byrne was the first one to break the ice.

Pechenik—Mushrooms always grow in damp places, don't they?

Miss Roomer—Yes, certainly.

Pechenik—Is that why they look like umbrellas?

Kurt Thum—Now, my brother is the exact opposite of me.

Dot—Oh! how lovely! I'd love to meet him.

Mr. Stearns—Fannon, turn a deaf ear to temptation.

Jack (protesting)—How can I? I haven't a deaf ear.

INFORMATION, PLEASE.

Dear Ed.: Please tell me how to raise a nice fat hog of 500 pounds. Inter Ested.

Dear Inter: Use a derrick. Ed.

ELEMENTARY PRINCIPLES OF ETIQUETTE—SAGE ADVICE.

If you do not like olive oil in the salad-dressing, do not say so as if you were announcing the batteries at a baseball game. Keep your spirits and stall around until the others are through. It wasn't made to eat, anyhow.

Do not crab about having to dance with some young lady whom you think to be a bum dancer. Your own movements are probably regarded as extremely cow-like by every one on the floor with the exception of yourself.

Do not imagine that every one in the room is looking at you. You are probably mistaken for a piece of furniture, anyway.

Do not inhale your soup. Those near you may possibly be trying to converse.

Walk on your own feet as much as possible. Of course, other people's were made for that purpose, but they prefer to do it themselves.

Alice—What is mind?
Jean Morrill—No matter.
Alice—What is matter?
Jean—Never mind.

FAVORITE SONGS.

"Bright Eyes" ..... Leone Schmidt
"Margie" ..... Maggie Durand
"I Want a Girl" ..... Hammond
"The Other Fellow's Girl" ..... Bill Perry
"Whispering" ..... Edna Doyle
"Bye-lo" ..... In P. D.
"Along Came Ruth" ..... Fred Frost
"Angel Face" ..... Nell Reynolds
"Chili-Bean" ..... 'Lizabeth
"I Want a Doll" ..... Harlan
"Quilting Party" ..... Room 23 at noon
"Comrades" ..... Mat and Fat

Frost—Gee, Ma, I've made a wonderful discovery. I've discovered why the ladies in the trolley cars always push the button with their thumb. Nine out of ten ladies push the button with their thumb. Know why?

Mrs. Frost—No, I don't, Frederick.

Fred—Why, they want the car to stop.

Teacher—You've been late for four mornings in succession and every day you've given the same excuse.

Miele—Well, you see, I don't believe in saying one thing one day and another thing the next.

Teacher—I see that your jaw is working.

Hobbie—Yes.

Teacher—Well, come up and put it in the basket.

Even an actor who receives bad apples doesn't consider his attempt entirely fruitless.

Fern—My ancestors came over on the Mayflower.

Golden—Lucky they did. The immigration laws are stricter now.

CURRENT TOPICS.

First Electrical Engineer—Wire you insulate?
Second E. E.—Couldn't get ohm sooner.
First E. E.—Watt?
Second E. E.—I was out sparking in the park.
First E. E.—I can guess switchgirl—Mazda.
Second E. E.—See here, fuse going to get personal, I'll socket to you.

Somewhat burned out, they leave for a light lunch.

Housewife (to plumber)—Be careful of those polished floors there.

Plumber—I won't slip ma'am; I got spikes in me shoes.

Fred—This desk will do for the two of us. And here are two keys, one for you and one for me.

Harlan—That's all right; but where's my keyhole?

Teacher—In dramatizing this story, the hardest part is the ending. How would you end the play, Robert?

Robert—I'd drop the curtain.

Bill—Did you read about the boy who swallowed his teaspoon?

Bob—No; what happened to him?

Bill—Oh, he can't stir.

"My man, where did you become such an expert swimmer?"

"Why," responded Munn, modestly, "I used to be a traffic cop in Venice."

The boys were telling a visitor what they studied at school.

"I," said the eldest, "get reading, spelling, and definitions."

"I," said the youngest, "get readin', spellin', and spankin'."

"I hear your dog died."
"It did."
"Was it a lap dog?"
"Yep, it would lap anything."
"What did it die of."
"It died of a Tuesday."
"I want to know how it died."
"It died on its back."
"What did it die of?"
"It fought a circular saw."
"What was the result?"
"Lasted only one round."

Emma Ziegler, Ch.

Betty H. Hoffand

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT FAMILIAR PEOPLE.

Burke Boyce, '18, once editor-in-chief of THE ACROPOLIS, has been elected to the same office of the Harvard "Crimson." Congratulations, old man? Quite a feather in our cap, we'll say. Burke wants us to make it clear that he got his job honestly, without any wirepulling. He is quite proud of this feat. Becoming editor-in-chief when only a sophomore is a commendable objective. The experience Boyce obtained while editor of our paper served him well, as it doubtless will others who take advantage of the opportunity offered by the paper. Here's congratulations to Burke Boyce and luck for others who try for similar honors.

While Samuel Siff teaches the seventh grade there.

Charles E. Holland, Jr., '21, is one of the nine boys who grace Normal.

Samuel Halpern, Parker Herbell, Chas. Pilling, Wm. Storch, and Virgil Pennington, B. H. S., '18, are at Steven's.

Grace Cairns, '18, will complete her training at City Hospital this year.

Marjorie McDonough is a member of the South Side High faculty.

Dorothy Duncan and Helen Atz, '18, are at Savage's.

Gertrude Kraemer, '16, is at South Tenth Street School.

Gladys Paulus, '18, is at Drake's.

Mary Jacobus, '20, is at the Public Library.

Melvin Jackley is at Stevens.

Helen Gifford teaches in Irvington High.

Frank Bozza, January, '16, is a Newark lawyer.

Arthur Blasi, June, '14, graduated with D.D.S. from Tuft's.

Louis Schneider, '12, awarded Croix de Guerre in war, is at Columbia.

Dot Van Emburg, '19, is in training at the Homœopathic Hospital.

Edna Brown is gym teacher at Robert Treat.

Herbert Antz, '21, is taking a short vacation after the strenuous labor of graduation. He will soon begin work in earnest.

Margaret Bailey, '21, is still studying chem. at Barringer.

Heber Ingols, '19, and Charles Brewer, '20, are representing Barringer at Princeton.

Tom Savage, '19, is busy insuring lives with the Mutual Life Insurance in New York.

Margaret Denton, '20, is working hard at the New Jersey Women's College.

Emma Antz, '18, now has a class all her own in Fifteenth Avenue School.

Dorothy Kitchin, '21, is "maid of all work" at her home.

Russell Green, '21, has retired to his farm at South Branch, N. J.

Charles Caddock, '21, and Clifford Mauser, '21, are still seen around Barringer.

Ethel Carter and Dorothy Halsey, '21, are at Normal preparing to join the ranks of Newark's 2,000 teachers.

Genevieve Yelton, '18, is teaching at the Moses Bigelow School.

Fritz Nicklas, '19, is showing his abilities at Williams College.

Theodora Scrivener, '21, has a position in the "Pru."

Altha Gray, '18, is connected with the Red Cross headquarters in New York.

Sandford Gregory, '18, is training at West Point.

Sarah Lewitt, '19, is completing her course at New Jersey Law College.

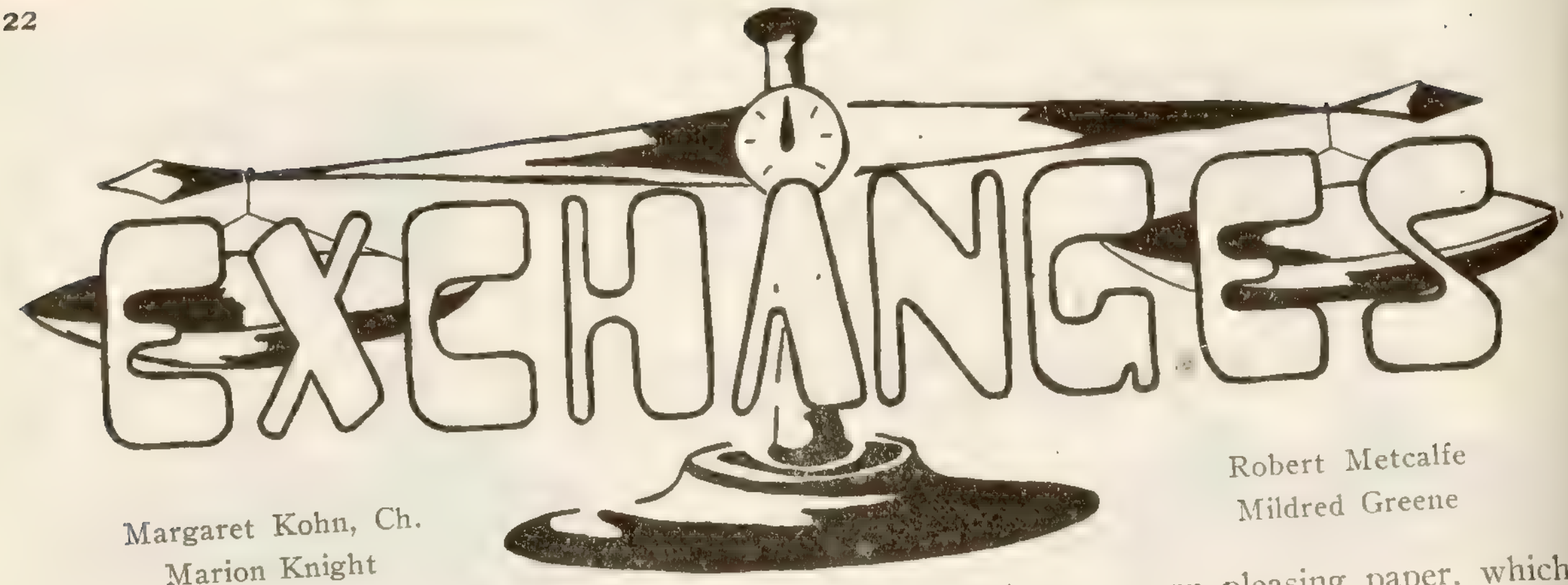
Cora Higgins and Florence Higgins, June, '12, are now teaching in Garfield School.

Mary Spillane and Alice Hill, June, '16, are at Abington.

Adele Kauffman, June, '12, is gym teacher in Miss Porter's School, Farmington, Conn.

Gil Thornton, June, '20, is at Dartmouth.

Martha Maier and Edythe Van Houton are teaching at Kenilworth, N. J.



Margaret Kohn, Ch.
Marion Knight

Robert Metcalfe
Mildred Greene

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

"Speed-Up," Submarine Boat Corporation.
"Parnassian," Passaic High School, Passaic, N. J.
"Maroon," Kingston High School, Kingston, N. Y.
"Chronicle," Wright High School, New Orleans, La.
"Semaphore," Mansfield State Normal School, Mansfield, Pa.
"Rocket," Ramsey High School, Ramsey, N. J.
"Tuskegee Student," Tuskegee Institute, Alabama.
"Peddie News," Hightstown, N. J.
"Yale Alumni Weekly," New Haven, Conn.
"North Star," North High School, Syracuse, N. Y.
"High School Covenant," Bradford High School, Bradford, Pa.
"Wesleyan Argus," Middletown, Conn.
"Vincentian," St. Vincent's Academy, Newark, N. J.
"Artisan," Bridgeport, Conn.
"Columbia Spectator," New York.
"Brown Alumni Monthly," Providence, R. I.
"Torch," Valparaiso, Ind.
"Orange and Blue," Millville High School, Millville, N. J.
"Idea," Somerset High School, Somerset, Ky.
"Reflector," Middletown Township High School, Leonards, N. J.
"Valkyrie," Somerville High School, Somerville, N. J.
"Torch," Doylestown High School, Doylestown, Pa.
"Ye Gossyp." New York.
"Evander News," New York.

"The Peddie News," Peddie Institute, Hightstown, N. J.

Your paper is a fine publication. The appearance and printing are excellent and all your news echoes with a fine school spirit. The use of a few more jokes would give the only necessary improvement.

"The Valkyrie," Somerville High School, Somerville, N. J.

You have a very pleasing paper, which is very interesting throughout. Your editorials and literary department are fine; but a little less emphasis on athletics and more on personals would be an improvement.

"The Reflector," Middletown Township High Shcool, Lenardo, N. J.

"The Reflector" is truly worth while and deserves good support from the school. It is pleasing in appearance, contains good material, and deserves the name of a school paper. Your Alumni Issue is exceedingly good and must surely fulfill its purpose.

"Ye Gossip."

Your cover design is excellent. Editorials are timely and full of school spirit. School notes exceptionally well written. How about a little more humor in your personals?

"The Rocket."

Your material is good, but your paper wou'd be improved by grouping this material into departments. A few more cuts, please.

"The Courant."

A splendid paper from beginning to end. It presents a neat and pleasing appearance; well printed and well arranged. Your jokes deserve the name. You must have an energetic business manager, to judge by the number of ads.

"The Parnassian."

A fine paper. Editorials are excellent and to the point. Personals are fine. Why not have a few more next time?

"North Star."

A very good paper all through. The jokes are funny and there are plenty of them. Cuts and cover are original and well done. The stories are all interesting.

"Semaphore."

Your magazine is published in an unusua form. The jokes seem the best part of th paper, but they are certainly worthy of bein called jokes.

"Vincentian."

Another paper of good appearance. Som of the stories are interesting, but a numb

are somewhat childish. You have a very good Exchange Department.

"Orange and Blue."

Your Senior Number is excellent. The class prophecy and "Last Will" are very cleverly written. From the history, we judge that your senior class has a fine school spirit.

"The Chronicle," Wright High.

A very interesting little paper. The jokes and literary department are especially fine. A few more editorials would add to its worth.

"The Torch," Doylestown, Pa.

Welcome, "Torch." We are always glad to receive your cheery paper. Keep up the good work!

A SERIO-COMEDY.

Continued from Page Six.

of action. Seizing his hat and overcoat, he rushed out, leaving Andy and his aunt alone. As fast as he could he reached the stable, and with feverish fingers hitched up his horse. He jumped into the carriage and madly plied the whip. The poor beast was struggling as hard as he could, and the buggy bounced and swayed. The way seemed interminably long to him. Half-frenzied, he used the whip with all his might. Once the traces broke, and he had to get down and mend them by the unsteady and flickering light of a lantern, one knee in a puddle of water, and lashed by the rain. And so he rode for two long hours, until he reached Fairdale. As he reached the doctor's house, the horse sank down in his traces, half dead with exertion. George jumped out and violently rang the doctor's bell. He explained everything incoherently to the doctor, who, used to such emergencies, was ready in a few minutes. The doctor took out his car, and, after cranking it repeatedly (it seemed to be an age to George), it started. They got in and in a half hour of speedy driving, they reached the farm, at the risk of being overturned or breaking an axle, and taking only one post of the gateway in their ingress.

As they rushed into the house, George half mad and the doctor anxious, they saw Aunt Lucy rocking before the fire, but Andy was nowhere in sight.

"You see, my dear," explained Aunt Lucy as she placidly rocked to and fro, "I had need of a bottle last Saturday to put witch-hazel in, so I took your formaldehyde and used it up, and then I filled the bottle with witch-hazel. I had forgotten all about it until after you left, when I recalled it.

"Andy, the little dear, had played with it and drank some, which was not quite pleasant at first, but he soon got over it," she added with a smile.

"Ye gods," exclaimed George, as he fell back into a chair.

"O ye women," added the doctor with a groan.

HONOR ROLL FOR FEBRUARY.

Continued from Page Five.

1B Room 76. Harry Doremus, Helen Mary McGraw, James Schaefer.
Room 82. Burtis Morningstern.
Room 86. Etta MacHale.
Room 87. Charles Edelson, Louis Canarelli.
Room 92. Charles Hart.
Room 93. Mary O'Mara, Florence Freda, Arthur Hayes, Arabel Kessler.

OMITTED FROM JANUARY HONOR ROLL.

1B Room 83. Marjorie Dippel, Samuel Lipstein, Arthur Magill, Florence Seligman, Harry Stein, Elizabeth Taylor.

Hit the hay
At break of day,
And with the angels
You will play,
Ere long.

Mary had a little lamb,
Missouri was its source,
And everything that Mary said
The lamb would doubt, of course.
It never contradicted her
Openly, but ah!
To everything that Mary said
It always answered "Ba-a-ah!"

—Am Bishus.

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REPAID WITH INTEREST.

Continued from Page Nine.

side of the valley near the tower there.

"How could you, who are so afraid of height, come that way to save me?" Pedro gently chided him.

"I never thought of the height," Tony truthfully replied, and he smiled, for he was happy, very happy. He had repaid his debt of gratitude to Pedro.

GOLD.

Continued from Page Eight.

boy, and go home first thing in the morning, just as soon as the sun is up? Won't that be all right?"

So Jimmy consented with some reluctance to go to sleep in the little iron cot, while Helene sat patiently before the fire.

After he had slept about half an hour, he awoke feeling very lonely and frightened. He got up and pattered across the room in his bare feet to the silent figure in the chair.

"Are you asleep?" he asked timidly, peering round anxiously into her face. Then he stepped back quickly, for the last rays of the dying fire showed the tears glistening on her face.

"No, dear," she answered brightly, smiling to reassure him.

Jimmy stood with his hands behind his back, searching her face cautiously. Even if she was grown up, if she was crying she probably wanted to be petted, didn't she? So, carefully as though afraid she might break, he put him arm about her neck and laid his cheek against hers. With a sudden passionate cry, she seized him in her hungry arms. For the remainder of the night, Jimmy slept in Helene's lap.

At six the next morning, James Winthrop Marsh, otherwise Jimmy, stood in the midst of a group of laughing, crying women, composed of his mother, Mrs. Grant, and as many women of the neighborhood as could be conveniently crowded into Mrs. Grant's house.

A heavy-eyed, sheepish searching-party returned at seven to get re-enforcements, and were confronted with the object of their search. The last that was heard of them was Mr. Grant's shuf-

Continued on Page Twenty-six.

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For catalogue and information see
Miss Decker

GOLD

Continued from Page Twenty-four.

fle across the kitchen floor as he caught Mrs. Grant's eye.

Helene Cartwright stood rather awkwardly in the background, until Mrs. Marsh suddenly released Jimmy from her hold and went up to her.

"And now, Miss, I should like to say a few words to you—alone, please," with a severe glance at the rest of the company, who silently withdrew and left the three alone.

Then Mrs. Marsh's sternness utterly left her. She ran to Helene and seized both her hands in hers.

Margaret (to Helen)—I have a trade last for you.

Helen—What is it?

Margaret—Some one said that you were the best dresser in the school——

Helen (proudly)—Oh!

Margaret (continuing)—but that if you were a little taller you'd make a better chiffonier.

Anna— The light on the Statue of Liberty is getting dimmer.

Bobby—Well, the less light, the more liberty.

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The Secretary, New Jersey Law School

Newark, New Jersey

IT'S ALL IN THE CURRICULUM.

We go to school at half-past eight,
We get detention when we're late,
We're going to have a big debate.
  It's all in the curriculum.

The Thalians will give a play,
Periods change ten times a day,
Vacation seems so far away.
  It's all in the curriculum.

We get our cards and heave a sigh,
The drinking fountains have gone dry,
The lunch room now sells apple pie.
  It's all in the curriculum.

The teachers say our brains are dense,
More collections at our expense,
Ice cream cones are still eight cents.
  It's all in the curriculum.

Throw erasers—lose a dime;
Don't play hokey—it's a crime:
Then you'll graduate in time,
  If you pass the curriculum.

Mr. Saylor—Miss Durand, you're out of order.

Maggie (under her breath)—I'm the only one in order.

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Girls wanted to sew buttons on the fourth floor.

Man wanted—partly inside and partly outside.

Teeth extracted with great pains.

True to her New Year's resolution, Miss Coult has changed Chaslow to the boys' side of the room.

G. Sieler—Don't you think my moustache is becoming?

Estel—It might be coming, but it isn't here yet.

Judge—You are sentenced to twenty years in State prison. Have you anything to say?

Prisoner—Yes, your Honor. Will you please telephone my wife not to wait dinner for me?

Miss Coult—What part of the world was better under the empire than under the republic?

Rechenik—That part that wasn't discovered yet.

Mr. Taylor's 4A Latin class are now explorers in an ancient tongue.

GOLD

Continued from Page Twenty-six.

"Now, Miss," she sobbed brokenly, "you ain't the kind I could do anything for or could say much to, but I want you just to know that I thank you over and over again."

"Please don't say that, Madam," said Helene stiffly. "I happen to live up that way, and I found him wandering around searching for gold"—with a light little laugh—"and as it was far too late to take him home then, I kept him overnight and brought him home first thing in the morning."

"Did you say," inquired Mrs. Marsh shrewdly, "that you lived on South Hill?"

"Yes," replied Helene slowly, "on South Hill."

"Yes, and, oh, ma," interrupted Jimmy, eagerly, "she lives all alone in a nice little house, and she held me on her lap when I was lonely and —and she used to live in New York," he ended triumphantly.

Helene had turned and was seeking the doorknob blindly, but Mrs. Marsh turned and caught her by the arm.

"Now, Miss—I don't know your name——"

"Cartwright," replied Helene in a queer choked voice.

"Miss Cartwright, I wasn't born yesterday and I know that a pretty young lady like you oughtn't to live alone in a place like that. If it wouldn't be presumptuous of me, I'd like to know how you took to be living like that."

"Oh, why should I tell you, a mere stranger?" burst out Helene, and then, with a sudden quick determination, "yes, I will tell you, for I think you'll understand and not think me altogether insane." And she poured her strange story into Mrs. Marsh's wondering, sympathizing ears.

It was a tragic story of a worthless husband who had married her for her money and deserted her when she had lost all through a business failure; the death a few months later of her little boy, whom she loved above everything else; and, last, her flight away from the memories that surrounded her to the hut in the wilderness, where she had lived for three years, with scarcely the necessities of life, nursing her grief and raging against Fate. At the end of her story, she sat listlessly, worn out by her emotions, gazing imploringly at Mrs. Marsh, as if begging for understanding.

Mrs. Marsh stood for some moments not knowing how to reply. Then suddenly a light shone in her dark eyes. Silently she lifted Jimmy, and put him in Helene's arms.

"I don't know how to say it," she said brokenly, "but my home is yours, and Jimmy is as much yours as mine." And she stalked from the room.

Jimmy never found his gold on South Hill or elsewhere, but he had all unconsciously brought the bright gold of his happy childhood to gladden one empty life.

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A tire properly cared for is like the famous "One Hoss Shay"—

When it wears out, all parts wear out at the same time —without waste.

The tire that is neglected or abused will not perform so satisfactorily.

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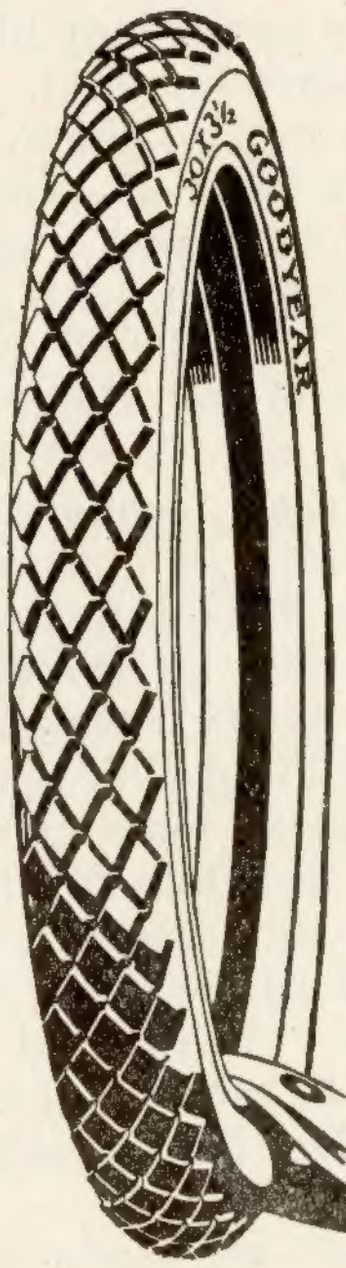

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